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T&T

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IN SEARCH OF THE PERFECT BREAST

TALES FROM THE MILK MEN

WHAT MAKES A MODEL GO?

OUR CANDID INTERVIEW WITH SKINDOM'S HOT NEW STAR, **KITTEN NATIVIDAD**

SEKA
PAGE 4

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VOL.1/NO.5

T&T

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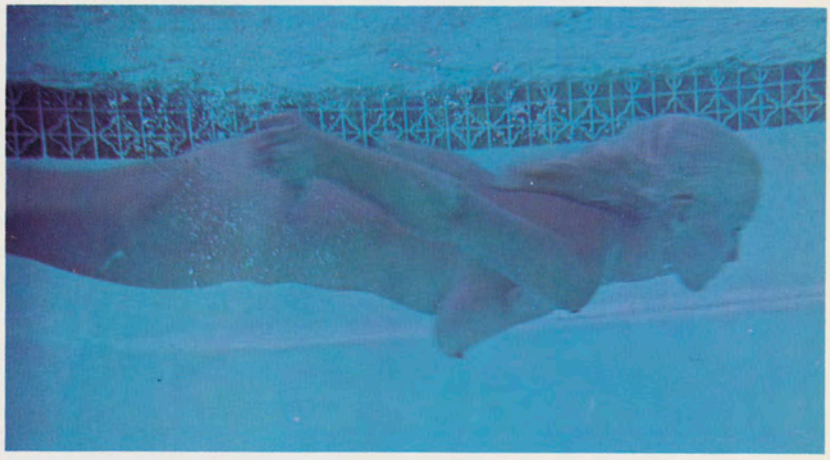
SEKA

"I cannot stand the idea of milky white breasts spoiling my tan," pouts Seka. "I never wear a top when I go to the beach, and I've had a few hassles because of it. I'm not a nudist, really, I just don't think female breasts are anything to be ashamed of."

'I cannot stand the idea of milky white breasts spoiling my tan.'

Measures: 38-22-36
Age: 24
Born: Los Angeles, Calif.
Wears 38 C bra



OP-ED PAGE

By ED FOSTER

It's all too easy to take cheap shots at the type of programming one sees on television. For example, "TV executives aim the intellectual level of their shows at slightly retarded 11-year-olds, but that's so high over their own heads that they miss." Or, "I was afraid all that violence on the tube would turn my child into a horrible monster, so I hacked the kid to death with my machete." See, that's easy.

Far be it from us to stoop to such crude jokes, unless we think of another one later on. We come to praise TV, not to scorn it, for in just the past year or so it has undergone a marvelous metamorphosis. Some have found the change disturbing, but we

feel the unsung heroes of this sensational new movement, this erection of new national strivings, deserve our heartfelt gratitude.

The legends surrounding the founding of television's latest revolution are already legion and oft times contradictory, but apparently it all began one day in the office of the newly promoted Senior Vice President for Prime Time Programming at one of the networks. He impetuously punched the intercom button on his desk to summon one of his lowly underlings to his office. "Quigley, get in here," the V.P. growled. He was so distracted by his pressing concerns that he didn't even add any of his customary tough-gut expletives to the command.

"Quigley, we have a problem," the V.P. announced when his subordinate appeared. "We debuted nine new shows last week, and eight of them are already canceled. The Big Boy Upstairs is not happy, which is why I've been given this job."

Quigley nodded subserviently, but inside he was smiling at his superior's dilemma. They both knew his promotion put the V.P. in the hot seat—whatever his new official title, his actual position was Scapegoat Heir Presumptive. Presuming he didn't work a ratings miracle, Quigley would not have to worry about the V.P. much longer. "Sir?" Quigley meekly inquired. "Which of the new shows are they keeping on?"

"Oh, you know . . . that thing, the one with the female robot detective. And it isn't much of a hit, at that—they're just willing to ride with it a little longer because it's got egghead appeal. The Big Boy Upstairs likes to have one of those deep programs on the schedule. But that isn't going to solve our problem, Quigley, we need something different, something that's going to knock the Nielsens for a loop."

"Uh . . . I see, sir," Quigley pretended to ponder the matter for a moment. "I've got an idea, sir. How about a talking police car that solves all the big cases and keeps its bumbling but loveable twosome of ineffectual cops. . . ."

The V.P. cut Quigley off with a rather stark description of where Quigley could file his idea. He was in no mood for another gimmick off of the police show format—that wasn't going to save his exposed posterior. And he decided he'd best make Quigley feel his own neck was on the chopping block as well.

"Quigley," the V.P.'s harsh tone suddenly softened, "you know, I've been real impressed with your work lately. I even mentioned it to the Big Boy Upstairs, told him that you're a young man I plan to rely on heavily."

The V.P. gazed upon Quigley in sweet benevolence as Quigley quaked with real fear. By making Quigley out to be his special protegee, the V.P. had effectively placed his assistant in the same unseaworthy craft in which he himself faced the impending storm.

"You know, sir," Quigley gulped as he regained his composure, "I have been kicking around this one idea you might be interested in. I was planning to save it until . . . until I could make a formal presentation of it, to you, sir. But if you'd like to hear it now. . . ."

"Yes, Quigley," the V.P. smiled triumphantly. "I've got a few minutes. Let's hear it."

"Sir, it seems like we've done it all," Quigley began. "We've had shows about doctors, lawyers, nuns, schoolteachers, widowed mothers, widowed fathers, adopted children, singing families. We haven't had a new plot since I LOVE LUCY. There's only one thing I can think of that we haven't ever done a series about."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the V.P. "Everything's already been done; everyone knows that! All we can do is come up with new gimmicks. What else is there?"

"Sex," replied Quigley.

Quigley visited the V.P. in the hospital shortly after his heart attack. Had the doctors known who Quigley was, they would not have let him near his boss. "You!" the V.P. gasped in horror when Quigley entered his room and clutched at his chest. "You . . . you stay away from me! I remember what you said. You said . . . that word. In my office, even! Nurse! Nurse, help!"

Quigley pleaded with the V.P. to calm down. "Sir, please, you have to listen to me. This is our only chance."

"You mean you were serious?" the V.P. was incredulous. "You really think there

could be something in . . . that word you said? Why would the censors warn us against it if there was a chance it might sell?"

"Sir, the censors know it would sell," Quigley explained patiently. "In fact, that's what they've always been afraid of. You see, times have changed, sir. Everybody else—magazines, books, even the movies—they're all getting away with talking about . . . (the V.P.'s eyes widened and he clutched at his chest again) . . . it, sir, all the time. And they're very explicit about it, sir. Why do you think we have to chop up all those movies before we put them on the air?"

"I don't know," mused the V.P. "I always assumed the movie producers were trying to sneak some promos or something in past us. You mean they're really cutting out . . . that kind of stuff?" The V.P. shook his head in wonder. "Quigley, what . . . what is it, anyway?"

"It, sir?" Quigley chose his words carefully, knowing that his boss, as a devout TV man, had never had time for such censurable activities. "Well, of course, I don't have any personal experience with . . . it, sir. But I do have a friend, a copy writer over on Madison Avenue, and he says that you see it all the time in the commercials, you just don't always realize it."

"What?" the V.P. was indignant. "You mean it's in the commercials we show on the air?"

"Yes, sir," Quigley confirmed the awful truth. "Haven't you ever wondered, sir, why all those commercials for after-shave and other products for men always have women in them? Young women, at that?"

"Women? Oh, right, women. That's true, they do, don't they? That is rather strange."

"And, uh, have you ever noticed, sir, when you see one of those commercials, that you feel certain . . . stirrings? Peculiar sensations below your tummy?"

"You don't mean . . . those feelings . . . that I've been guilty of . . . that that's what . . ." the V.P. seized control of himself, clenched his teeth in cold determination, sucked in air furiously and then spit it out, "that's sex? The way you feel when you watch those commercials?"

"That's the beginning of it, sir," Quigley nodded, and indeed it was. Quigley went on to explain to his boss that, since Madison Avenue had already snuck sex into television, there was no reason it couldn't be slipped into the programs as well. They could approach it very subtly, because audiences were so sex-starved that they were highly sensitive to even the most obscure references to it.

The V.P. had not risen to his position by being too timid to take an occasional risk. During his recuperation he did a little research on the subject.

"Damn the censors, full speed ahead!" the brave V.P. ordered Quigley on his return to active duty. "I can have the turkeys grilled for breakfast if I bring up the Nielsens five points. Let's go for it!"

It was as if those words had the power of gods behind them. Hardly had the V.P. spoken ere it came to be. The national landscape was magically transformed almost over night. The supposedly permanent image of blazing guns and spurting blood etched on our TV screens began to fade, and have almost completely disappeared. In their stead we have wet T-shirts, skimpy bathing suits and sly double-entendre innuendo.

Producers have. . . had a dismaying tendency to fill their wet T-shirts with emaciated starlets. . . .

Naturally howls of protest were heard throughout the land. The network was besieged with letters and phone calls from complaining viewers. Editorial writers everywhere castigated the entire television industry for allowing this new brand of filth on the air. Even those who had decried the omnipresence of violence on the tube had little good to say about the new trend. It wasn't really sex, they pointed out, but only a vaguely smutty, infantile tease which they deridingly termed "jiggly." The little old ladies of the nation, both male and female, pleaded and screamed with the network to let them have their nice murder-and-mayhem shows back.

The outrage against the jiggly phenomenon was so universal that it seemed no one would miss one of the new shows for fear they might be the only person in the country not to witness the latest disgusting debaucheries. The other networks soon had no choice but to program their own sex-laden series in order to prove that they too could sink as low as anyone if no one watched them. To those who accused them of destroying America's morals, the network moguls could piously respond they were following a much higher code—the Sacred Law of the Nielsens—that which fate has joined to a 40 rating, let no s.o.b. tamper with.

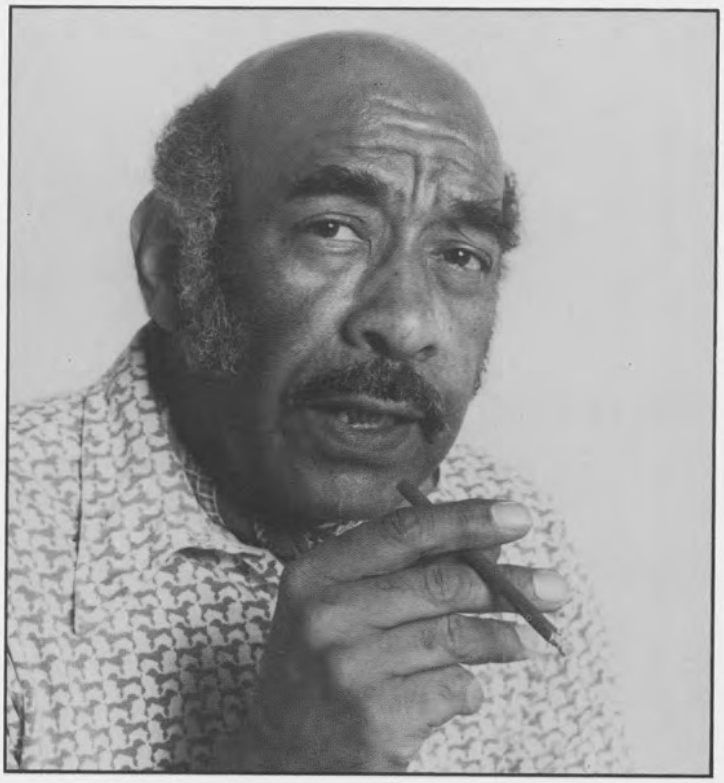
Their triumph complete, one would have thought the V.P. and Quigley would have justifiably been enshrined as media heroes. Sadly, however, genius is rarely honored in its own lifetime. The V.P., it is true enough, is now canonized in the halls of his network, but he suffered a second and terminal seizure while screening the pilot of one of his new shows, right after a particularly unsubtle bit of jiggly had bounced its way across the screen. Those near him reported he passed on to his reward with a benign, all-comprehending smile on his face.

Thus deprived of his mentor, Quigley was immediately purged as a dangerous Trotskyite by the V.P.'s successor and exiled to daytime soap opera programming (where he discovered coincidentally that sex had already existed undetected for decades). He was accused of fomenting dangerous ideas about carrying the revolution further still, even going so far as to advocate baring boobs, and therefore he had to be removed. Fortunately there were other courageous and far-sighted individuals to leap into the breach, and the jiggly movement jiggled on without its original leaders.

We say fie to those who would scorn the accomplishments of such worthy men. Their discovery of sex will stand in the annals of mass communication as an historic moment, right up there with Marconi's invention of the radio and Ozzie and Harriet Nelson's creation of the American family. Small-minded people may assert that sex was known long before television discovered it—that in fact magazines such as this one have been on fairly intimate terms with the subject for some time—but they miss the point. If a tree can't be said to have fallen in the forest when no one hears it, surely sex can be said not to have existed until its Nielsen ratings came in. And its true the producers have so far had a dismaying tendency to fill their wet T-shirts with emaciated starlets who could not fill cupcake tins with their frontal endowments, but they will learn as have we. Yes, the day may come when CHARLIE'S ANGELS gives way to F-CUP TROOP. When the TV people reach that lofty plateau we will welcome them with open arms.

TALKING TO T&T'S PHOTOGRAPHERS

WHAT MAKES A MODEL GO?



Ted Williams, introduced in our last issue along with fellow staff photographers David House and Greg Barkhurst, now shares a few details with us of his stories and reflections regarding this most interesting profession.

ON THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S FETISH:

Each of us has our own fetishes, minor or whatever. Like David is really strung out on big tits. Lucky, for us, because I'm not atit man, I'm an ass man. Greg, he likes faces, he's a headhunter. But I have to be objective enough to see what a tit man sees in a girl, and I have to be guided by someone who really knows. Like, my first impulse is to shoot a set of nice knockers straight up, but David tells me that's not the way they like it, they want to see them hanging, really pendulous with low angles.

What I've always dreaded ever since I've been here is that I would have to shoot a bondage layout, because I have no concept at all of what I could get sexually out of seeing someone tied up. It's just not in my head. And if I ever have to shoot one I know it's going to be rotten, because I don't know what it's about.

Sure, you fall in love with the models, but you just fall in love with the right ones. To get the kind of pictures you want, you have to fall in love with the girl intensely, for five or six hours. When she walks out of that door, though, you start thinking about your next shoot. But it is really kind of a love affair with the girl, for that time in which you're shooting. You give her the stimulus and she responds, and vice versa, because it works both ways. And it has to be kind of guided and carefully controlled, but it is very intense—the relationship between a photographer and model.

Sometimes it almost borders on hatred. Like the time those three broads pushed me in the swimming pool. That was a good shoot, and they were all friends, we'd all worked together before. And when we were through shooting, they asked "You through shooting?" I said yeah, one came took the camera off my neck and, whisk, into the swimming pool. The girl with the ass that goes like so (gestures), she said, "You've been pushing us all day, so we thought we'd push you around."

I'm married to a very understanding women who used to catch flak because I shot beautiful naked women, even before I started working here because I always did it. And she'd say that I was shooting them before we got married and I married her, so I must be fairly happy. She never gave me any flak about that. Now and then one of the girls would get out of hand and call the house a few times, more than she should, be kind of snotty to her, but she'd get pissed off at the girl rather than me, so that helped a lot.

ON TRICKS OF THE TRADE:

The hardest thing is not arranging the body, but getting a decent expression on the face. Some of the girls cannot get the bored expression, or the scared expression, or the disgusted expression off their face, and it's a bum shoot, no matter what kind of body they have. That's where the work comes in. How do you approach her, how do you get that out of her? You're kind of a Mickey Mouse psychologist. (laughs) The easy way is pour them another drink of gin. Actually, strangely enough we have a little taste usually with the girls who don't need it, because we like to work with them and they're easy to work with, and it's kind of a treat for them and for us. But as a general rule we don't have any booze on hand for them.

The whole thing we always strive for is eroticism with class, and sometimes the two are very hard to bring together. There's a very thin line. Sometimes it's self-defeating—if you're going to get one you can't get the other. There are so many variables, so many things you can't control. Beginning with the girl, her personality and her attitude. Then you get the technical things. Some things

which would look good under different circumstances, but if you're shooting in a studio and what you really need is a little glade outdoors, you know . . . There are so many things that are going against you, plus you have to please an art director, you have to please the (expletive deleted) who make the color separations, you have to please the people who are selling the magazine, you have to please those guys back there in the lab. And there's only so much a camera can do. And then there's the readers; if you got 25,000 readers, you've got 25,000 different opinions on this particular photograph and this particular layout. Or, you reject 15 broads with big tits because they've got stretch marks, and you get letters the next month saying, "Hey, how come we don't get stretch marks anymore? We love stretch marks." I learned that lesson the hard way.

ON GETTING IT ON:

I've always tried to keep it this way with the models and sex. I can afford to be more selective than Greg, for example, and I don't mean that as a put-down. It just takes more to get me interested in a woman than it does Greg. You know, he's twenty-three years old—he wakes up in the morning with an erection. (laughs) And mine has to be talked into it. One thing I've always done, like Greg does, is that if I have something to shoot, I get the shooting done first. But I have fewer temptations; a girl can be dynamite, like that one chick we shot the other day. Perfect, I couldn't find anything wrong with that woman, but sexually I wasn't that turned on. I could be turned on to shoot, though—I could shoot that woman fifteen hours if she could hold up.

"IF THE PHOGRAPHER DOESNT MAKE A PASS AT HER, THEN SHE BEGINS TO FEEL INSECURE, AND THEN SHELL START WORKING ON HIM."

You have to respond artistically, and you have to respond to her on another level, with your groin. Usually, you save it for the last layout, you get the girl warmed up for it. I always try to make it between the second and third layout—if you get a short film count, you know the groin won. (laughs)

No, a lot of the girls come with the attitude that the photographer's going to make a pass at them, and they're ready to turn him off. Okay, if the photographer doesn't make a pass at her, then she begins to feel insecure, and she'll start working on him. Like that broad I don't like. This girl was utterly cold, and I was just as cold to that bitch as I could be. Strictly professional. Then another girl dropped in—sometimes the girls come back who like working with us just to talk—and she comes in behind me and starts feeling up. So the model sees this, and she starts coming on. I don't want her coming on—I just want to take her picture and get out of there. It's just interesting to see how their heads work. The photo editor then, he was in love with that broad, too, so I had to shoot her a dozen times. Now every time Dave mentions her now—"Hey, what's she doing these days?"—I tell him she's in China. (laughs) Every time I dreaded shooting her.

ON MODEL PSYCHOLOGY:

There are several types of models. The ones who stay in like the idea, they're exhibitionists. But, they stay in for different reasons. They know they're only getting so much money—figure they're only getting a hundred bucks a day, or seventy-five bucks a day—with one of the few good markets in this business they'll make two hundred and fifty up to seven hundred and fifty. But the whole thing is that some of the same girls who work for seventy-five bucks an hour, a hundred bucks an hour, a hundred and fifty an hour, in New York have to do that if they want to work at all out here, because competiton is so stiff. Every beautiful girl in the country, and from other parts of the world, comes to Southern California with the idea of getting into television, movies, music—being a star. So they're all here.

You get everything from the exhibitionists to the girls in their early twenties who have some dramatic school background. A lot of them come in specifically just to pay their rent—they only want to do two or three jobs because that's how far behind they are in the rent or they need a transmission job on their car, to get their boy friend out of jail, you know. And they'll do these few jobs and a month later you can't find 'em. They disappear.

Then you'll find some of the hard workers like (names model) who sticks around for a year because she wants to make a certain amount of money. She worked seven days a week for months—six, seven months. And she did everything. Hardcore, softcore, pretty girl, you name it. Bondage, loops, she didn't care. She'd go to sleep between takes. (laughs) Really, and then you'd just kind of turn her on and she'd go through her thing. Well, she ended up marrying a rich lawyer, haven't heard from her since. I don't know how her new husband could not know what she's been doing—she's on every cover in the world.

Just recently a friend of mine was in from Chicago and I took him downtown to a Japanese restaurant. So (names another model) and her husband and another couple were at a table when we come in. She's right there and I recognized her. She stands up and she hugs me, introduces me to her husband, and she tells her husband, "Ted has taken some beautiful portraits of me." Yes, yes, I'm a foremost portrait photographer. (laughs) And my friend looks at me—when did I start doing portraits? But she's still modeling and her husband doesn't know it, because she called a couple of weeks ago and said, hey, whenever you want.

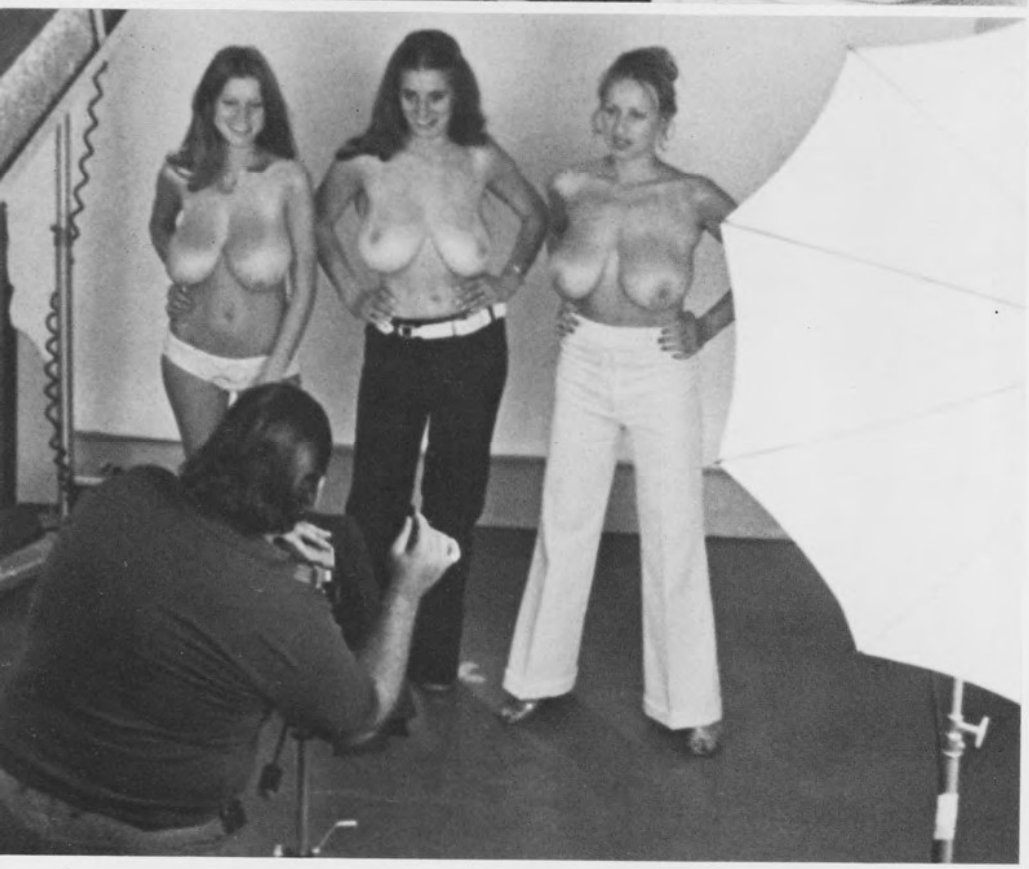
I've shot girls who were studying for their PhD, and I've shot girls who couldn't read. Like (names model) from Texas, she couldn't read. She was staying at some place in Hollywood, and I was going to drop her off, and I ask where she lives, and she handed me a card. She could just sign her name, that was it. There were several girls who were college girls. One I was kind of impressed with, because she was a very intelligent girl, but she had no inhibitions about taking her clothes off.

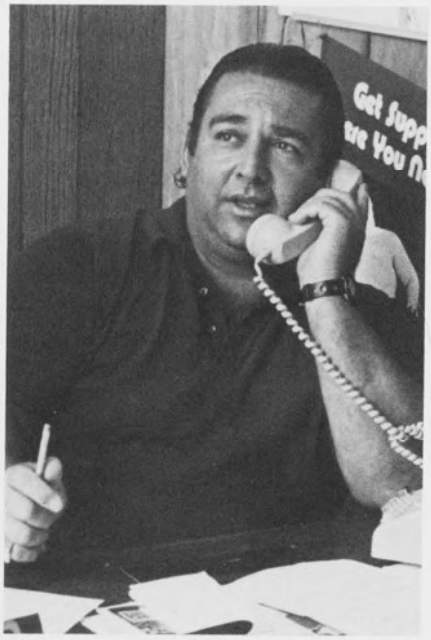
Then you'll find somebody like one girl I went out with a couple of times—she was a hooker. I knew she was a hooker, she knew I knew she was a hooker——she used to work Vegas, a high-class prostitute. She was very up-tight about her pictures being shown around; I shot her just one time. Now we'd go out together, and we'd shack up for a one-nighter, but she was very modest. I could not get a spread out of the girl, on camera. (laughs) And that was a weird situation.

There are some girls I've run into who will do movies, loops, but will not do stills. And I ask why. And she'll say, well, film fans will go in to the theatre, they'll sit down, they'll look at it, and they go. A magazine it's around, you go anyplace and you'll see it. Go into somebody's house and they'll have it. And film is easier for some girls, they just do it and the camera moves around them. But when we get them in the studio, then they have to project. They have to do a certain amount of acting, even the worst of them, and if they don't act it then we have to goad them or trick them or some other kind of way to get it out of them.

A MASTER AT WORK

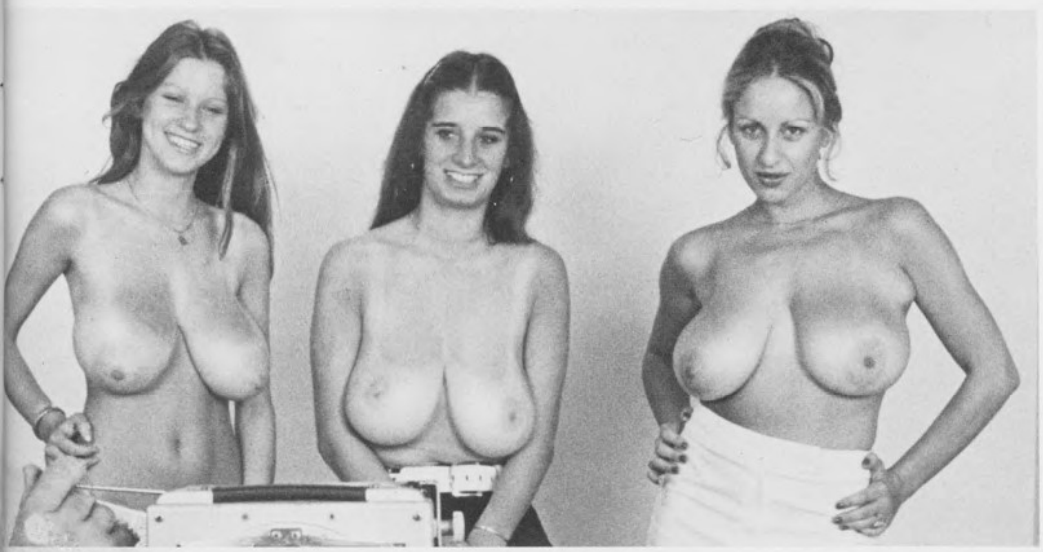
BY LYNNE LOPATIN





An active girlie photographer from the earliest days of the business until his recent death, John Kirk is responsible for much of the premiere material in this book. We are privileged to be able to share with you this behind-the-scene look at a classic Kirk shooting followed by some of the photos from our files which were the products of this shoot.

As you can well imagine, the wardrobe problems in a big busted shoot are enormous. Part of the cost of operating a photo studio lies in the clothing purchased for use as prop material for the models. The busty woman cannot wear any of the average-sized tops, dresses or bras that the photographer keeps on hand for his more typically built girl. (The average American bra size vacillates between 34 and 36B, and some of the girls being shot these days are even smaller than that. Uschi Digart wears a 36 or 38 DD, and Candy Samples is "off the chart.") To keep an entire wardrobe around only to outit the outsized models like Roberta Pedon or Candy is



out of the question. The girls are asked to bring their own personal clothing, including their brassieres.

Many of the well-known bust models have had careers built around their over-endowments. The earlier models made stag films and performed live in burlesque and striptease shows. During the sixties the models did everything from stripping and go-go dancing to the Russ Meyer 35mm films with hardcore loops on the side.

The talents required of the bust model (in addition to the obvious two) in all of the above-mentioned fields are pretty much the same—the girls who have some acting ability do the best. The poses, plots and costumes in all parts of the business are closely related.

This set of photographs is a fairly accurate depiction of what really goes on during the shoot. A photographer who "messes around" with the model doesn't stay in the business very long. The participants in the shoot are there to work, and while that doesn't rule out relaxing during the lunch break, a professional attitude on the parts of both model and photographer is just as much of an asset as the boobs on the girl.

Here is John Kirk at work. He is missed.

Photographed in 1973

MADELINE

"I was just bored out of my skull as a kid," says Madeline. "There didn't seem to be anything to do in town. The only excitement of any sort was in flirting with the guys, and that could get pretty dull too unless you went all the way. I wasn't too popular with the other girls. I suppose they were jealous of my breast size and the fact that I could steal their boy friends any time I wanted. And I did, too. So finally I just had to split that town."

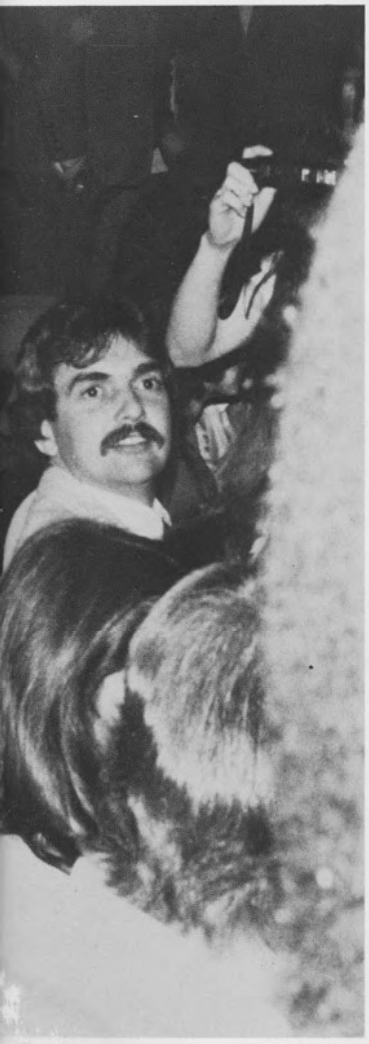
T&T On The Scene At A Hollywood Premiere:

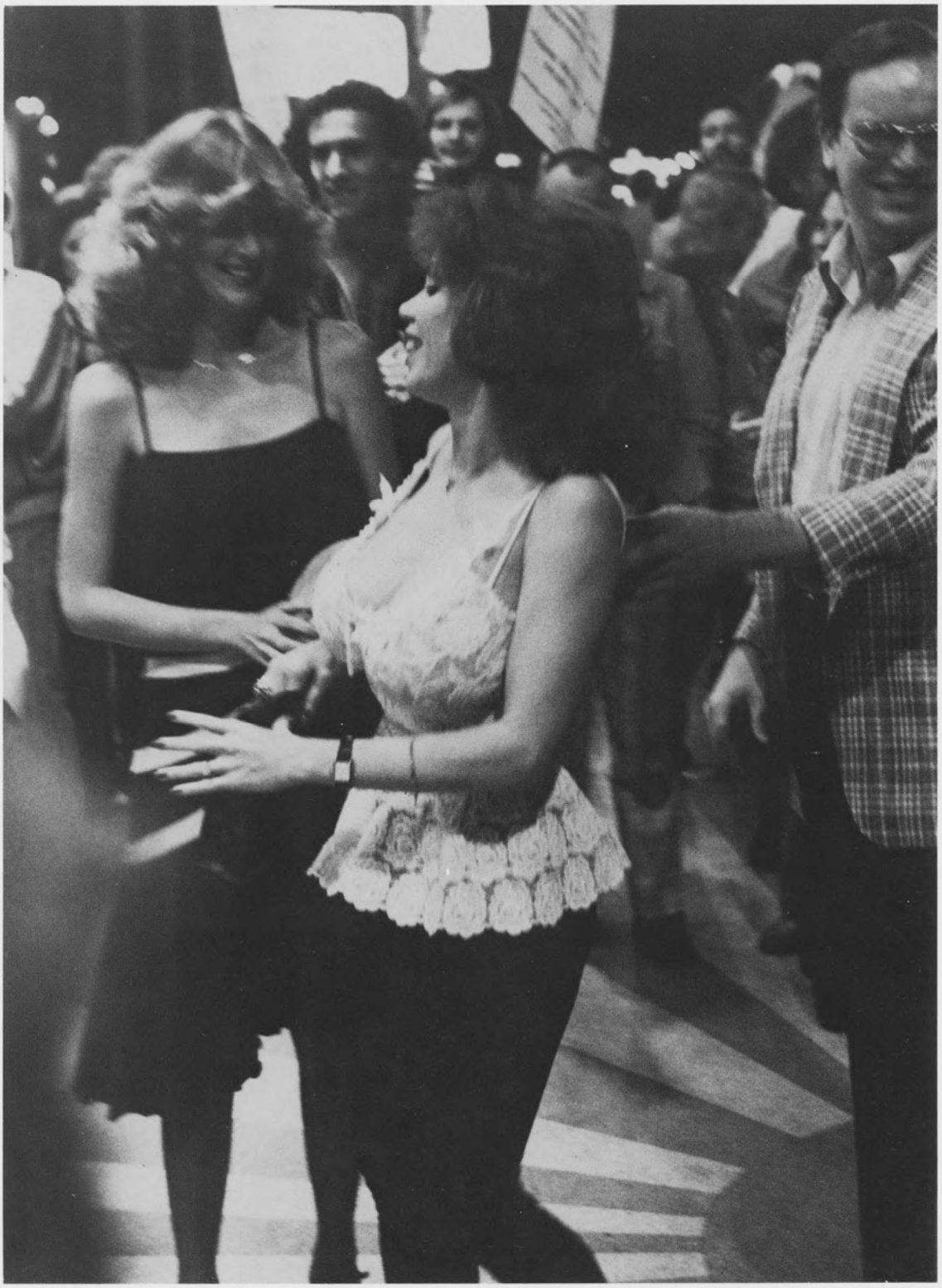
WHEN THE BUST STARS COME OUT

It was the West Coast premiere of Russ Meyer's newest flick, "Beneath The Valley of the UltraVixens," but it was also a natural get-together for all the folks in and around Hollywood who make their daily bread in the skin trade, and around here that's a hell of a lot of people. In the mob out front I saw quite a few girls that I'd photographed over the last few years, and I saw some I'd been itching for the chance to pose too. Tried to plant a few seeds—we'll see. I recognized a few non-porn stars in the crowd too.

'...THE EVENING REALLY BELONGED TO KITTEN AND HER MOVIE....'

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY
DAVID HOUSE





Julie Newmar waltzed past
as I was changing my film,
wouldn't you know it?
I fumbled and stumbled
trying to get it loaded in
time, but she was already
gone with a smile.
Just as well, maybe—I
hate pushy photographers—
who wants to take pics of
folks who don't want their
picture taken?
Candy Samples came in with
her date for the evening.
There's one guy thousands of
men would do anything to
change places with.
But the evening really
belonged to Kitten and her
movie. She was everywhere,
as bubbly and as bountiful
as always. The movie itself
was hilarious to start with,
kind of lulled in the middle,
and then picked up again.
Course, I'm no movie critic.

'Candy Samples came in with her date for the evening. There's one guy thousands of men would do anything to change places with.'

KITTEN NATIVIDAD

HANGS IT OUT!

T&T'S EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH RUSS MEYER'S HOT NEW STAR

T&T: How did you begin modelling?
KITTEN: Modelling? As a go-go dancer photographers wanted to photograph me.
T&T: When was that?
KITTEN: Oh, that was ages ago. About 8 years ago. And then, after it wore off, it became real boring, so I didn't model anymore until right now.

T&T: And since then you've been making films, or doing straight acting?
KITTEN: No, I was travelling on the road. I was the highest paid stripper for a while. I was making twenty-five hundred dollars a week.
T&T: What name did you strip under?
KITTEN: Kitten. I'm known as Kitten always.

'. . . this black guy, very skinny with about a fourteen inch cock, would masturbate every show.'

T&T: What are some of the best experiences you've had stripping?
KITTEN: Oh, this guy in Yougnstown, Ohio, this black guy, very skinny with about a fourteen inch cock, would masturbate every show. And when you work the theatre, you do four shows: one at twelve, one at three, one at eight and then at midnight.
T&T: What a man. (Everybody laughs)
KITTEN: In Youngstown, Ohio! And he had this big jar of vaseline and he'd str—oke it very slowly, and on my closing night, I'd do this bathtub number and when I got in the bathtub there was this great big condom with this stuff on it and I picked it up and I go, "Ya-hoo!" I don't know where it fell and I don't know if anybody knew what I was throwing up in the air.
T&T: He knew.
KITTEN: Yeah!
T&T: What about a man would attract you to go to bed with him?
KITTEN: If he told me he was going to eat my pussy for hours.
T&T: How many?
KITTEN: At least two. (Laughs)
T&T: You like getting head a lot?
KITTEN: Un-hunh.
T&T: You like getting it more than giving it?
KITTEN: Un-hunh. (Everybody laughs) But then I like to fuck. I like to sit on top of their cock and really go. And then they're gonna come and I say "Don't you dare come, don't come, you Mother Fucker, don't come." I just love to make 'em suffer.
T&T: How long do you make 'em suffer?
KITTEN: 'Til I've had at least three orgasms, without bending over.
T&T: And how long is that?
KITTEN: Usually about a half an hour. I'm not really that self-centered. I'm very good to men, you know. I'll play out their fantasies. I'll give 'em head 'til they come, I don't care.
T&T: What physically do you like in men?
KITTEN: Um, I like a real pretty cock.
T&T: What's that?
KITTEN: One that I like to look at. I don't like the crooked ones or one with warts or anything like that. No, I'm just kidding. They're

". . . I was nine years old and I had nothing but the hugest, biggest nipples you've ever seen. And then when I was eleven I started to get . . . nice, round little mole-hills."

all pretty is what I'm trying to say. I don't find that many ugly ones, really, but I have seen some and I don't want to look at it or put my mouth on it. I'll just sit on it.

T&T: What about big cocks or small cocks. Do you have preferences?

KITTEN: Un-hunh. I like big cocks to look at and little cocks to fuck. Because, I like to get fucked in the ass with a little cock, it's really nice.

T&T: How old were you when you first got laid?

KITTEN: I was very old. I was eighteen.

T&T: Can you tell us how it happened?

KITTEN: Yes. In a pick-up truck, in the front seat. And it took two menths to get it in because my boyfriend was Mexican, and he had this huge cock and every night we tried, for two months, 'til one time it finally popped. WOW, WHEW! And then the minute it got in, he came. It was really boring. And then every time we were gonna do it, the minute he'd take it out of his pants it'd start shooting all over the truck. And then we'd spend the rest of the day cleaning up the truck.

T&T: Is there any one guy or experience that you've had that stands out as being unusual or crazy or bizarre—above and beyond the rest?

KITTEN: Well, to me it all seems normal. I don't know, I'm embarrassed. I don't want to talk about it, because everybody will know everything about me and they won't want to fuck me then. (Everybody laughs)

T&T: How about the guys who probably aren't going to get the chance to, who want to pretend they can imagine what it's like?

KITTEN: I don't know. They'll just have to wait and see what happens.

T&T: When did your breasts first start developing? KITTEN: Okay, this is where we start to lie. (Laughs) Um, I was nine years old and I had nothing but the hugest, biggest nipples you've ever seen. And then when I was eleven and I started to get, you know, very nice, round little mole-hills, but it wasn't until I started taking birth control pills that they really went out. And now I'm a forty-two, double D. *T&T: What are your measurements?* KITTEN: Uh, 42-20-34. And I weigh a hundred-seven. I'm five feet, two. Brown eyes, red hair, brown pussy—little pussy. *T&T: What kind of bras do you like, do you have a special kind of bra that's your favorite?* KITTEN: I wear bras all the time. Actually, my favorite bra is not at all very sexy-looking. It looks like a harness, and it really relaxes my shoulders, because, for one, I don't have to carry that weight. My back will be carrying it. And I sleep in a bra. It's not very sexy. But I have to, otherwise I get smothered to death! Usually the men in my life understand. They don't mind me sleeping in a bra. And on my period, sometimes I'll fuck them with my bra on, because they're so tender and sore. *T&T: Your breasts are very sensitive?* KITTEN: Un-hunh. *T&T: Do you like to have them fondled, or kissed in any special way?* KITTEN: Yes, I like to have them fondled and I like them to be sucked very hard—almost to the point of pain. *T&T: The nipples or the. . .* KITTEN: No, the nipple. And as far as my breasts . . . I don't want them hurt, but the nipple can take all that power of sucking.

ORIGIN ZONES: WHERE ARE THE BIG BOOBS COMING FROM?

A Preliminary Report To The Presidential Commission On Boob Therapeutics

By F. DESTOUCHES

I. One would think that after forty years in the study of that malodorous garden variety vegetable, Gregor Mendel might have generated at least one pleasant recipe for peas. Likewise, though his evolutionary successor, Charles Darwin, compiled an exhaustive diary of the finch and resort lizard symbiosis, he too altogether missed the profitable mark of his profession. Neither, then, of our hominid fathers succeeded in defining what is today accepted as the cornerstone of evolutionary science: the origin zones.

II. After Mendel's tinkering with peas, and Darwin's love of roots, it remained for a tireless Stanley Reeves, professor of Taxonomy at the University of Chicago, working with Dr. Anatoly Boobichkin of the Bolshoi Institute to discover the first geographic region wherein a presently ongoing mutation in female breast gigantism has been accelerating unchecked for some twelve unnoticed years.

III. Working from the outlines of a frustrated research team investigating a small Russian town, Reeves and Boobichkin were studying the hygenic habits among the Hispanic-American population in the obscure mining town of Bristol, Tennessee when the discovery was made. They'd been several months in Bristol before Dr. Boobichkin, on conducting routine observations in a coin-op laundromat, radioed his colleague with the triumphant news that he was encountering a specimen which was "beyond a doubt, the conclusive double D cup displacement we've been seeking, and rudely rubbing her nipples!"

Though success in any endeavor is perhaps as much a mystery to the successful as it is to the world at large, Reeves and Boobichkin are in agreement that the Abkhasia phenomenon was the prime inspiration in their "spree" of inductive insight, and in discouraged moments gave them "more than a feeling."

IV. As we've mentioned, the account of Abkhasia from which they worked was incomplete, nevertheless it served them well as a basis of departure. The paper went something like this:

"Situated comfortably within south-central Soviet defenses, the peaceable, sloping community of Abkhasia has labored for centuries over the same small 'patch ov' Soviet wheat. All continues to go well there. The timeless provincial peasantry forages on without the first incidence of the pestilential Freudian neuroses prevalent among civilized, technocratic identities.

For the past three generations, however, Abkhasia has hosted a society with one claim unlike any other in the record of human history: to wit; its citizens all live into their ninties, with thirty percent of all natural deaths occurring after the age of one hundred, and sixteen percent beyond one hundred-ten. Sociologists, climatologists and pathologists have repeatedly visited Abkhasia in a common effort to discover which cultural or ecological factor, if any (as any thinking scientist would add) is the determinant of this peculiarly specific human longevity.

'Functioning' members of agrarian societies have certainly been confronted with less psycho-social stress than their industrial compliments, and so have demonstrated, for example, greater coital longevity, and a veritable singular miscellany of disputed advantages over the civilized world (see T. Maslov's The Bush Coefficient: A Disinterested Survey of Premature Agricultural Ejaculation Within the Context of Local Heterosexual Climates According to the Fertility Index as Established by the United Nations Population Committee, Abnormal Sexual Performance Division, abbr. PAPPA-STOPPER), but the mystery of the octogenarian adolescent in Abkhasia remains singularly without a comprehensible cause.

And as modern science has exhausted its self-study without result, that Danish Supernaturalist is there again like the community dog after a meal, ruminating in the ruins of scientific method, thrusting his 'ass-backwards' deductive probe into the matter (enemizing enigmas et.al.) and suggesting that the mysterious, unaccounted for explosion of some several apparent megatons which ripped through the Abkhasian forests in 1908 was in fact a space ship which veered off into the shoulder of its scrutinous orbit as it were, and showered the region with a youth-salt which was imbibed by the local water cycle. Exceedingly ridiculous, of course, but not without its entertainment value. One would expect after all, that the domestic animals would have been drinking from this same cup of life, but the fact remains that Abkhasian sheep die off like flies for want of pasturage . . ."

V. Dr. Reeves' Tennessee field team, consisting of himself and a reluctant Dr. Boobichkin, noted, in accordance with the purpose of their visit, an unseemly retardation in the hair, teeth, nails and skin care of the aforementioned sampling group when compared to the pains taken by the local creed to "keep their noses clean." On visiting a Mexican flop house, Boobichkin was understandably appalled and described his experience as "something from the third act of a farce." It was there, however, somewhere in that fuming dump that Boobichkin first made note of the extraordinary breast size of the maid huddled over a chain gang's mountain of poorly laundered shorts, "and though they reeked of fry bread and feces, they were clearly gorgeous jugs."

Perhaps that very moment, as he turned for more tea, Reeves was heavily slapped in the face by the great gallon jugs of his waitress. Immediately making note of that, he glanced around the cafe to discover that there wasn't a knob in the place under thirty-eight, with the majority of them sweating hard and oozing all

manner of discharge. On questioning an old pan-handler at the counter, Reeves received the impression that there was nothing abnormal in all of this, that his references to 'hunking balls', etc. seemed to have no meaning whatsoever to the man.

VI. Collectively, the team was enough of a scientist to know that they were in the midst of an avalanche which was more than coincidental, that things are too ordered too consistently, and distributed too equitably for there to have been nothing but great tits in town, cherubic chi-chi's bar none. Their first explanation of the phenomenon was disproven in a number of harrowing though necessary risks. Each in his turn took to snapping from behind the brassieres of the more voluminous women, testing, of course, the curve of 'falsie' misinterpretation. "It became hairy," explained Reeves, "when this method was no longer sufficient, when we were forced to singularly corner women and hurredly strip them as we explained our business. Anatoly spent a total of twenty-six days in jail for his efforts alone."

The results of the first experiment, then, were negative. The boobs were unquestionably real, warm dripping, rotund mamms with every imaginable pert character and complexion of nipple. The second hypothesis had the team consulting the Tennessee Valley Authority on the possibility of Nuclear Waste Disposal in the area or accidental leaks in local reactors. Those inquiries likewise proved unsuccessful.

Why then was the town of Bristol seemingly populated by great big boobs to the exclusion of every old flat top favorite? And why should the task of finding out have fallen to two of academia's most notorious ass-men?

VII. After having had two weeks in jail himself, Reeves had given all the thought he needed to form his third and final hypothesis on the matter, and this at the insistence of the question tormenting him throughout his incarceration: "Where do all the big boobs come from?" There was only one possible explanation left to the last anemic embers of his scientific imagination, the fantastic proposition that what they'd been encountering was a 'natural' development, that is, that evolution itself was behind this massive mammalian mutation!

What remained to the team was the apparently impossible task of actually witnessing the spontaneous swelling of a set of pubescent peaks into womanly

breast heads. The team agreed that, in the name of pure science, they would have no choice but to observe the breasts of young adolescent females for long periods of time (longer certainly than an immediate assessment), perhaps two or three hours at a time. They expected that Tennessee protocol might prohibit or inhibit their experimental intentions, that is, the 'mock-seduction' of twelve-year-old girls by two aging foreigners for periods of up to four hours. No, the seduction would prove altogether too dangerous, and they suspected anyway that a good deal of Bristol's fathers wouldn't receive their daughter's supplications for a date with them without taking further steps to see the question didn't come up again. What they resolved to do then, was abduct a number of young girls, make them nude, bound and gag them according to their temperaments, and study their budding breasts for four to six hours, or until they yielded no sign of impending enormity.

VIII. In order to accomplish unnoticed this sequestering of some thirty unclothed adolescent girls, Reeves and Bolshoi rented out an entire floor of the Bristol Inn, and to further avoid suspicion, brought the girls to the Inn comfortably bound, gagged and seated in black shipping trunks. This practice continued for some three weeks while the team's frustration rose practically to the pitch of madness. Boobichkin admits now to having made attempts (while Reeves was away) to encourage the development of the babies' breasts—straddling and sucking the poor girls to exhaustion without result. And even confesses to "having slipped it in on occassion as the girls peaceably snoozed." The girls were returned to their families after periods ranging from thirty minutes to twenty-six hours, and in exceptional cases were promptly chauffer'd to orthodontic appointments, piano and ballet lessons, and slumber parties.

Humanists first, Reeves and Boobichkin had, at last, to desist from the cornering and often unpleasant chloroforming of the girls (with the letting of pee among their most common complaints), and hope that in their routine scrutiny of girls about town, they would witness the decisive cup running over. In short, faith was all that remained of their determination to bump into the bliss of buds a bloomin', the tart teat of youth become the sweet noble nipple of fertility.

IX. The still unchallenged moment for the life sciences in this century occurred at 1:03 P.M. EST on March 3, 1979 when Anatoly Boobichkin, on conducting his observations in a Bristol laundromat was thrusting his pelvis up against a machine throbbing violently through its spin cycle when he glanced around behind him and noticed a thirteen or fourteen year old girl (with the first dark pubic hairs peering out of her slight-crotched hot pants) was hugging and humping him from behind, lightly tonguing the perspiration from his neck and shrieking, "Oou, Daddy, Oou Daddy I'm coming, coming out, unh, unh, unh . . ." Boobichkin helped the girl onto a folding table and helped her to immediate head, nearly anesthetizing his jaw on her juicing box before noticing that her breast were busting out so hard that they'd ripped clean through her tank top and were spilling into a steep arc, and milking ferociously! He sucked on the young girl's breasts as she shrieked with the internal combustion. "It's happening," she cried, lifting her ass clean up from the table and deftly fingering Boobichkin's cock up to her un-punched cunt. "Fuck me, Daddy-O," she screamed, "Fuck meh!" She squeezed her blooming breasts, squirting Boobichkin with a stinging stream of white-hot milk and sucking his cock deep into her tight stinky little snatch. Boobichkin grabbed for his radio as he pounded furiously into the young girl, and called Reeves. "Stanley, Stanley!" he called, "this is it, UNH, UMPH, this is it, the conclusive double DD displacement we've been seeking, and rudely rubbing her nipples!"

"Anatoly," Reeves called back, "is everything going alright? Is everything under control?"

"Nooooo," replied Boobichkin, "I can't hold it any longer," and, WHAA-AAAA, he shot his load. ●●●

LETTERS

IN SEARCH OF THE PERFECT BREAST

Dear Editor,

I was totally enchanted with your layout of the beautiful Marylou in **T&T** V1 N3. I have no particular fetish for black women, but Marylou definitely possesses a beauty that transcends all racial considerations. She is a lovely girl with a sweet, open facial expression that seems very natural, and of course two of the most awesome globes I have ever seen on such a well-proportioned figure. The final picture of her in the magazine is worth the cover price all by itself, it is a classic pose. If you wish to know what kind of girls and what kind of poses I would like to see more of, take another look at page 61. She is demurely gazing down at her own charms, her hand mysteriously lingering beneath her red garment as if she might begin to masturbate—a stroke of genius on the part of your photographer! The way one boob rests barely restrained in her flimsy lace bra while the other explodes at us directly from the middle of the picture is absolutely perfect. The visible strap marks falling down from her dark shoulder to the perceptibly lighter, fairer flesh of her breasts fascinates me. I also most admire the photo in the upper righthand corner on the opposite page where she is allowing her tits to droop straight down as she stares at us from her position on her hands and knees. You should always have at least one pose exactly like that with each one of your models. I was extremely pleased that you chose to picture Marylou with her bra and other garments still clinging to her in various stages of her undressing; it shows that you understand your readers much better than some of the other boob magazines available. I would not mind at all if you chose to feature Marylou again, or even devote an entire special magazine to her, as you have for other models. Thank you very much and keep it coming.

N.G.
British Columbia

T&T Survey Editor:

Marylou is definitely the champ of your latest issue. On her tits alone, I think she may in fact be the best you've shown us yet, although as an all-around model Ushi of course is superior. Let's see more of the same.

A.A.
Pennsylvania

Marylou is the finest ever. Where and when can I see more of her?

M.C.
New York

T&T Editor;

Brenda is the sexiest chick in your magazine, you can tell by her erotic expression and those sensual lipls that she really digs sex just like she says she does. Check out the way her areolae are gleaming on page 8! Fantastic!

R.B.
California

MARY LOU

BRENDA

Dear Sirs,

I have seen the girl you call Hanna before in other tit mags, but I especially like your photographers' work with her. I think you should try hard to find mature, buxom beauties like Hanna for your magazine—the older the better!

L.T.
Texas

The Editor, T&T;

I do not want to be too critical, but I don't think, if your magazine wishes to appeal to men like me who are really into big tits, that you should be wasting your time with chicks like Jan. I know she is pretty busty by every day standards, and if I saw her on the street I'd think she was a knockout, but in your magazine I want to see the kind of chicks I'm not likely to be lucky enough to meet walking around the street. I think you have a fine magazine, however, and hope you will continue to look for new big-boobed models. I realize that it must be very difficult to find them, but please keep trying.

C.R.
New Jersey

T&T Survey,

Don't use girls like Corina. She is much too small! I don't buy your book for pretty girls, I buy it for big jugs!

A.K.
Washington

To The Editors,

I found the pictures of Corina in your last issue very appealing. She looks like a very sensual, earthy woman, and I think her breasts are just right—not too big and not too small. I especially like the scene with her in the shower washing her boobs and her pussy.

M.N.
California

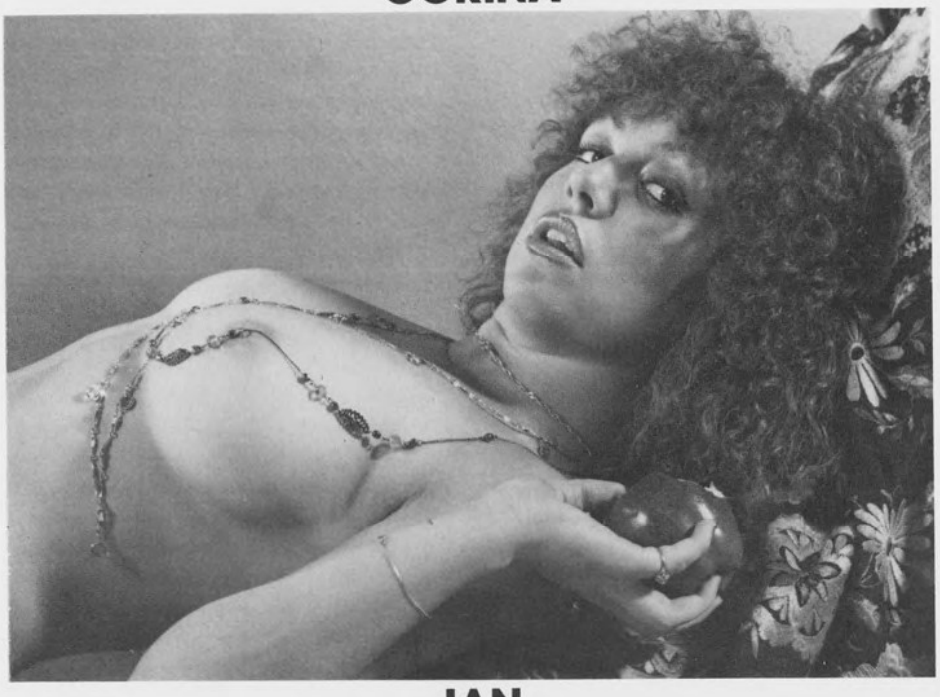
Dear Sirs:

I'm responding to your survey questionaire in **T&T,** but since I'm aware of your many other publications, this is kind of an informal response to them all.

You asked which model in this issue I liked best: Unequivocally, Ushi. I was disappointed, though, that you took such a tame approach to the layout. Why such modest poses? The only place **T&T** is sold, in Miami, is in adult bookstores. Yet there are magazines on the racks in most stationary stores in town that are more daring than **T&T.** Why are there no open shots in your magazine? After seeing Ushi on the cover (which is why I made the buy in the first place) I was really let down by the chaste (by contemporary publishing

HANNA

CORINA



JAN

standards) pictures, especially when I returned to the bookstore a few days later and bought another of your publications, Candy & Ushi. Here, for a dollar more, was what I had been looking for when I bought **T&T.**

Look, if the questionaire is simply a publicity gimmick, then I've already wasted both my time and yours. But if you're serious about your reader's tastes and preferences, so that you can provide for them in future issues, mine are relatively easy to state:

I would like to see an Ushi layout with wide open beaver shots. I know that Ms. Digard disdains porno, per se, but I have seen (on rare occasion) such photo pictorials in publications in the past. Are those photos lost? Are the mechanicals or film negatives for those older publications filed away or tossed out? Look, I don't care about the price.

In every adult bookstore in Miami, there is a discount bin where four and five dollar magazines that didn't sell go on sale for two bucks each/five dollars for three . . . and I've never seen an Ushi magazine in any of the bins. The point is, they sell, and fast. So if the photos are available, I'd vote for more daring Ushi features . . . in any of your publications.

S.S.
Florida

To Whom It May Concern:

At last a publication that is interested in what I would like to see. Your survey and request for comments is very encouraging. For well over ten years I have been a regular buyer of more than a few breast mags. In fact, I buy almost nothing else. At times, I have had collections numbering over 30 assorted breasts mags of recent vintage. I have been a careful observer of the market, and my favorite issues regularly sell out the quickest. This tells me that my tastes conform fairly closely to the large majority of breast men and women, and I would chance a guess that most of what I really dig is sought after by the major portion of the breast market.

Well, so much for theory! I would like to offer my carefully thought-out suggestions with the hope you will agree to include more of them more often in future issues. I am sure that you are aware of many of them. I would just like to stress how very important they are to a loyal following of breast worshippers.

1. First, make no mistake. I **worship** those titties. They are treasures, and I do not like to see any of your models treating their own breasts casually. They should be proud of their assets, and it's a real turn

off to see a model who isn't communicating a real love for her body.

2. The biggest turnoff is to have almost all poses with the model looking away from the camera and, worse yet, not even looking at her own body. It completely destroys the titillation to have a model fail to acknowledge my presence (the camera's eye) or the allure of her charms. So please, girls, look at "me" frequently (100% would be OK!) and, when you are not, at least be looking admiringly at those beautiful titties or that nice pussy you have been gifted with.

3. The thing that I really dig is the number of real turn-on poses possible with a bra. Some of the bra poses are far and away the best of all, and I have on occasion bought one issue more than once (after throwing the first one away and then missing it) just because of its fabulous bra poses. The possibilities are endless: a) Both titties busting out, billowing over but with just a peek at the areolae and nipple as they slip out, b) one titty hanging over the top with the model admiring it or holding it out for me to see, c) Both titties hanging over the top and squeezed together, etc.

4. Sheer panties are great, as are any frilly negligees, etc. The model can be teasingly sliding a hand under the waist band towards her bush, or inserting a finger or two through a leg hole.

5. Total nudity is not all that super. Much better is to have a girl almost always covering at least a little of her charms. All of the sheer, frilly negligees, gowns, panties, bras, etc. can be used in so many ways.

6. Heavy jewelry dangling along with the titties, or wound around them.

7.) The girl leaning toward me, with both her titties held out to me, taunting me.

8.) The titties dripping with oil and the model caressing and stroking them and rubbing them together.

9.) The girl sucking her own titty and nipple and looking at me as if to say "Eat your heart out!"

10.) Here is a pose that is dynamite! I don't see why it is not used much more often. The model stands with feet apart, staring defiantly, and even menacingly, down at me. The camera is practically on the floor, looking up past her sheer panties (with some of the bush peeking out), past her huge titties which she is holding in any of many possible ways, and into her sneering smile and penetrating eyes. Fantastic. Her power and my helplessness in such a pose is beautiful.

11.) Several girls enjoying each others' breasts. Sucking the nipples, squeezing them, pushing their chests together, etc. But the big mistake made by almost all of the mags is that the girls are never looking at us, the readers. One or both should frequently be looking our way.

12.) Super turnoff!! Men posed with the girls is almost always a terrible disappointment. My fantasies do **not** include other men, and I would bet that this is true of almost all breast lovers.

13.) Heavy makeup around the eyes and lips is great occasionally. It adds a "mean" touch that is frequently called for.

14.) Models who have panting mouths add a lot of life to the poses. Likewise do sneering smiles and pursed lips. Especially foxy is the model with her tongue running over her lips or with her tongue reaching pointedly downward toward her uplifted areolae as she teasingly looks out at me.

15.) I realize that the studio often provides restraints as to involved situations, but I would love to see the following situations:

a.) A girl baking a cake, etc. and having an "awful" time keeping her titties out of the batter, licking them clean, etc.

b.) A girl sits down to breakfast and is fascinated by a banana on the table. She peels it, tongues it and gets it slippery, then proceeds to give her titties a going over with it. She pokes them and rubs them with it, and then puts on a bra and pushes it down into her cleavage. Finally she eats it while rubbing her now slippery titties all the while.

16.) One turnoff is to see a really fine model, but only two pages of poses. Please, more pages devoted to each model with fewer models per issue, if need be. This would permit a real "getting into" the scene with each model. Otherwise it is like a calendar.

17.) A real waste is to feature a collection of miscellaneous photos of fine models. None of that, please. Each feature should be a glimpse of **one** particular model, so we can sort of get to know her.

18.) And last but not least, keep up the good work.

In closing, let me say that I wish you a world of good fortune with **T&T**. It does meet a real need.

One final note—I believe Candy is truly a legend in her own time. I cannot get enough of her. She could be in every issue and I would not tire of her. I would love to see her and Ushi together, often. They are a pair of dynamite dames. The both of them in the above situations, especially 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 15, would tempt me to fly to California, if need be, to buy a copy of those issues.

W.J.
Michigan

T&T WANTS TO KNOW!

Which model in this issue did you like best?

_____

_____

Which model were you least impressed with?

_____

_____

Did you like or dislike these features?
Photographer Profile (page 12):
John Kirk Tribute (page 14):
Hollywood Preview (page 24):
"Perfect Breast" letters column:
"Tales From The Milk Men":
Comments:

_____

_____

Would you like to see more material relating to breast-feeding?

_____

_____

Do you have a favorite type of pose or situation you would like to see the models pictured in?

_____

_____

Other comments and suggestions:

_____

_____

We want to know what you want to see in future issues. If we are to improve the quality of our product, you have to point the way. Tell us what you've liked in this and past issues, and what you haven't liked. And let's hear what suggestions you have for features that we haven't tried. All comments are welcome and will be weighed equally. You'll see the results of our survey in future issues. Send your answers, on this form or a separate sheet of paper, to:

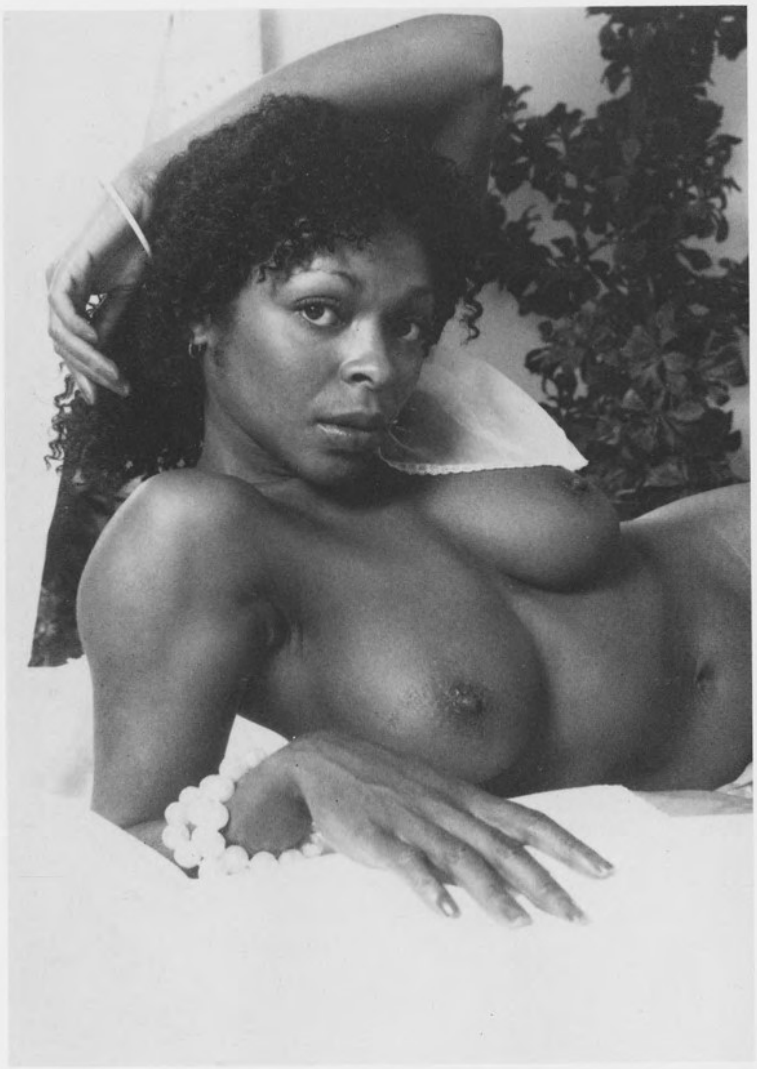
WRITE TO T&T
12011 SHERMAN ROAD,
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CA
91605.

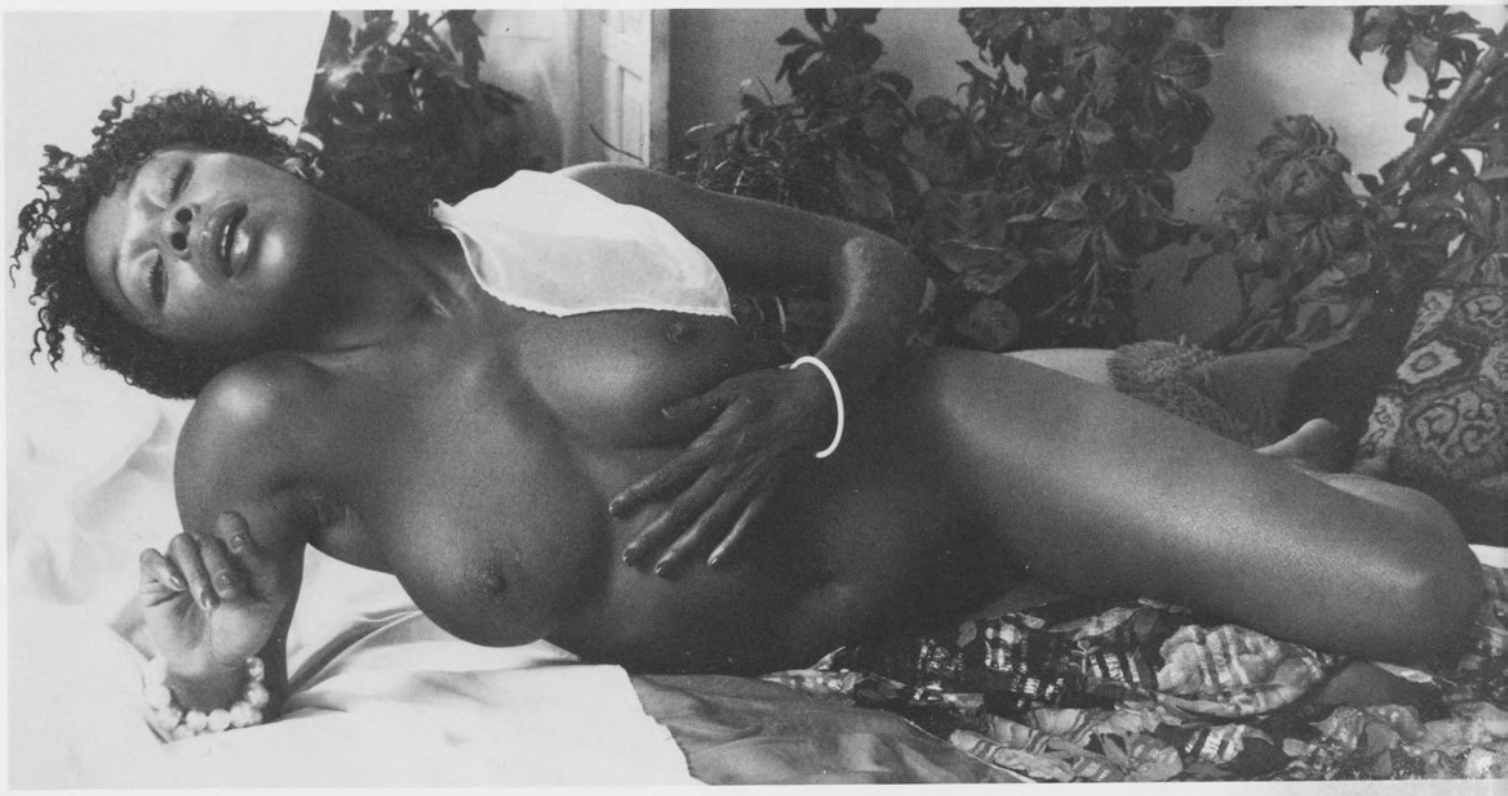
'Here they are, guys, come get yourself a squeeze.'

DIANE

Measures: 40-24-36
Age: 26
Born: Chicago, Ill.
Wears 38 D bra

"I was just amazed my old man would let me pose for you guys," Diane marveled. "He's really the most jealous man in all of Chicago, and, brother, there are a lot of jealous dudes in this city.
So when he said I could go ahead and model for you, you could have knocked me over with a feather.
Uusally he gets mad at me if another guy gives me the eye for more than two seconds and I don't scream for the police. I always thought if he could lock me and my jugs up in a tower where nobody but him could even see 'em, he would. But I suppose he got a charge out of the idea of all those men out there drooling over these big black beauties that belong to him. It's got to be something like that.
He won't even let me wear a tight-fitting sweater out of the house, and yet he's letting me show the whole world what I've got.
Well, since this is my chance I should make the most of it, right?
Here they are, guys, come get yourself a squeeze."



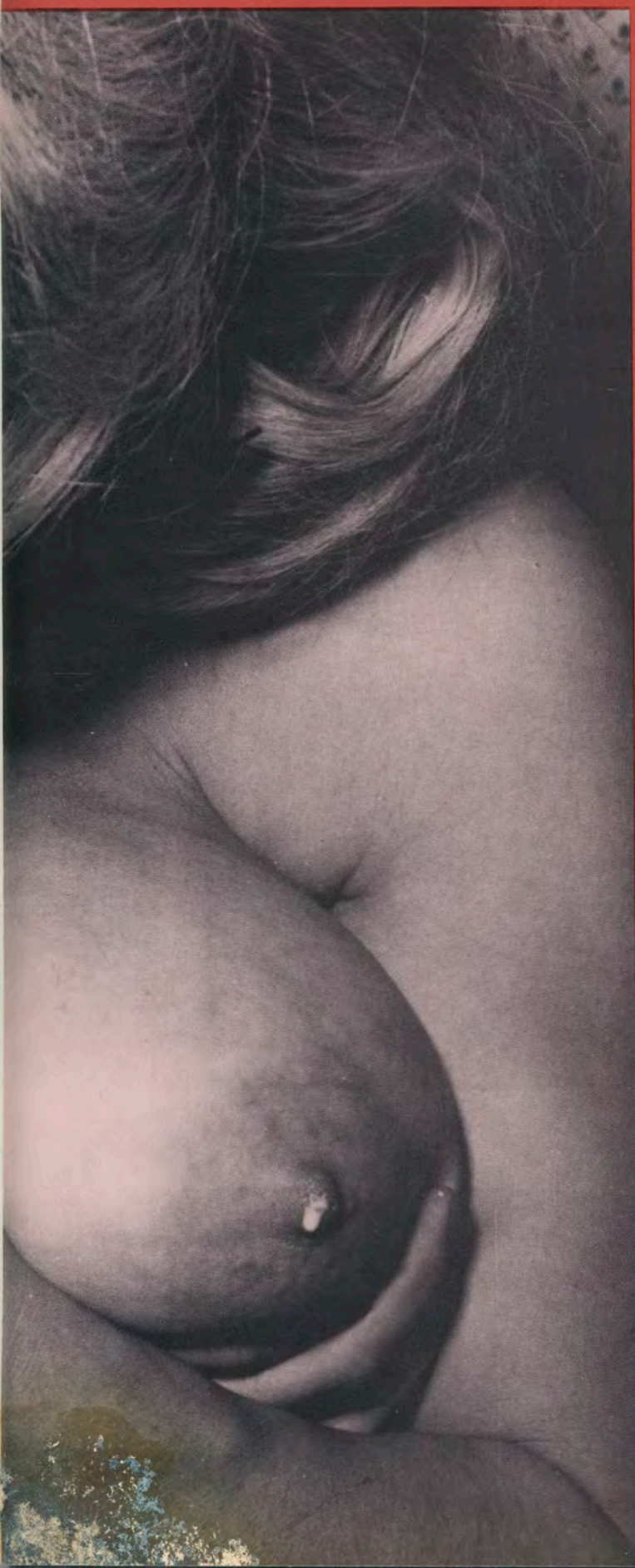


TALES FROM THE MILK MEN

Since the inception of T&T, we have received occasional letters from breastfeeding fanciers detailing their unusual experiences and/or fantasies. Here we offer a sampling:

I have had the delightful pleasure of breastfeeding upon the two occasions of my wife's pregnancy, but my own personal idea of heaven would be to have a never-ending supply of milky maids at my beck and call. I know this is a dream never to be fulfilled, but now that my wife and I have decided against having more children, I fantasize about it often. I envision myself as an old feudal lord in the middle ages. Not a cruel or evil duke; I would never stoop so low as to exercise the ancient feudal right of a lord to deflower the young brides of my followers and serfs as some lords often did. And therefore no one would be at all unwilling to grant me, instead of the right to the first night, the right to the other nipple. It would be a system which would work out to the benefit of all. Whenever the good wife of one of my subjects went into labor, she would be brought to my manor where she might be made comfortable during her trials and receive the best medical attention we could give her. This would spare her husband the need for worrying about her while he is about his daily duties, and of course he could come visit her over the next few months whenever he had the time. As they would not be able to partake in the normal conjugal pleasures during this period in any case, he would probably be relieved to avoid the burden of a nursing mother and a screaming child for at least a few weeks, no doubt spending the time to toy with some of the other wenches in the area. The mother and her infant would be under my personal protection in the meantime and have all the best of everything. This would decrease the infant mortality rate considerably, making me a popular and beloved lord, and afford me a larger retinue of healthy peasants and warriors. And, of course, it would also keep me in a continual supply of lactating young women, for there would always be two or three new mothers in residence at any one time out of all the women in my fiefdom. I would never be pushy or demand my tribute when the young lady was not feeling bountiful, as I would not wish to be accused of stealing candy from babies, as it were. If one of my charges was not fairly dripping with excess milk, I could be sure one of the others would be more than grateful to me if I could come by and relieve the pressure of her over-swollen jugs. I would educate them all to the fact that the more they feed, the more milk they will produce, and in those pre-bottle days the mothers could only be too happy for any attention which would allow them to nurse their children longer. No doubt some of the hardier women, or those with the most hot-blooded husbands, would find themselves in my manor on an almost permanent basis, spending one season out of every year with me. This would not be a source of boredom for me, I assure you; a new face now and then would be nice but I should never grow tired of the familiars as long as they brought me a rich annual yield from their clean, healthy peasant jugs. The more I dream on this, the more convinced I am that it is a system that really could have functioned well in those days, much better than the idea of the lord picking the cherries of his servants' ladies—a practice which could but inevitably lead to resentment and even revolution. I would be interested to hear if any historians of the middle ages have run across any experiments with such a custom in those days. I myself have searched the texts available to me and found no mention of it. If only I had a time machine!
R.T.
Wisconsin

My friends all say I'm nuts, but I've got this great idea, and I'd like to know what you and your readers think. I go to a lot of discos and places like that, to pick up girls. Sometimes I'm successful and sometimes I'm not. The thing is, though, you spend an evening rapping with a chick, finally get her to invite you over to her place or something like that, and then you find out you and she are not into the same kind of sexual thing at all. It's pretty hard, after all, when you're still sitting together at the bar or something over drinks, just getting to know each other, to come out and say, "Hey, sweetheart, do you like having guys come between your tits or not?" That tends to turn off chicks, even if that really is their thing. It's just hard as hell for you to find out ahead of time what a girl likes to do in bed. Now, recently I've noticed here in L.A. that some of the disco places are beginning to specialize, which I think is a great idea. I mean, nobody goes out front and paints a sign in front of the place that says "Disco Tonight—Big-Boobed Broads Only" but the word gets around. This place is where the tit lovers should go, that place is where the S&M types hang out, etc. My idea is to take this one step further. We open up a disco, or maybe just a bar, that's for chicks who are still lactating, since they might not feel like doing a lot of dancing right after they've had a kid. But I understand that women can continue to lactate for a long time afterward if they keep on breastfeeding, so they could come to this bar and meet guys who'll help them out, like. I don't think you'd have any problem getting a lot of guys to show up for that kind of action, but my friends say that you'd never get any of the women to come. I don't know, I'm single and I've never had the chance to breastfeed since I was a baby myself, although that's what I'd really like to do. But there's just no place for a guy like me to go to meet women who are in that condition. So I'm wondering if a place that specializes that way would work? What do you think?
L.Z.
California



I have stumbled, quite by accident, on one of the greatest situations a man of my tastes could ever wish for! My tastes, like that of many of your readers, is for human milk. But unlike many of your readers, I suspect, I am getting my fill. I am a clinical psychologist, possessing a masters degree in my specialty of child development. That has always been a field of interest for me, and whether or not there is any connection between my professional interests in child-rearing and my personal interests in lactating mothers I do not know. I do know when I began studying this field I was not conscious of any connection between the two, because at that time my particular lust had not manifested itself. It was by sheer coincidence that, when I discovered my taste for milk, the means to satisfy it were at hand. Every weekend for years now I have participated in a program downtown where I and other child-rearing specialist make ourselves available for consultation at a free clinic. Urban mothers with a variety of problems come to me for advice there, and I do what I can to help them. Many of these inner-city mothers are without husbands to support them through the difficult early months, and it is not totally surprising therefore that, as female patients are prone to do anyway, they often become emotionally attached to their doctor. To a point, I do not discourage this, because I think it's good for the young ladies, many of whom have had a rough go of it with men, to find a relationship with an authoritative male figure whom they can trust. I would never think of taking sexual advantage of these poor women, and I can say with all honesty that I have never hurt the girls who have put their faith in me. In fact, I would never have even thought of letting my relationships get intimate with them at all had not the one woman herself brought the possibilities to my attention. The first time was several years ago, with an hispanic woman who came to see me about some unimportant problem with her baby boy. The woman was in near hysterics, and I had to try very hard to comfort her, assuring her that it was nothing to worry about. The poor woman, feeling all alone in the world with this, her first born, would not be comforted until I took her gently in my arms and caressed her troubled brow. Almost immediately she calmed down, small sighs of contentment taking the place of fretful babbling. She pulled me closer to herself, her hand wrapping around the back of my neck pulling my head slowly but inevitably to her swollen breasts. With her other hand she unfastened the top few buttons of her blouse and pushed her flimsy bra aside. The experience did not seem at all strange to me—it was as if it was quite the most natural thing in the world for me to be easing this woman's distress right there in my

office in that manner. I nuzzled her quite black nipple briefly and she groaned with pleasure. I flicked it with my tongue and even in so doing was rewarded with a few sweet drops of her maternal goodness. Those few droplets from that woman's dark brown jugs gave birth to a thirst deep within my soul that has not yet been quenched, no matter how often it may be temporarily appeased. I cupped her proffered tit in both hands and covered her huge areola with my lips. Very slowly I drew from that magnificent mammarian mass in deep suckling draughts that succulent fluid I had somehow lived without for so long. It poured from her pendulous breast like ale from a full keg; the squirts sometimes seemed like they would be enough to drown me. Had they done so it would have been a most happy end for me, ushered out of the world with the same perfect sustenance that first comforted me upon entering it. The woman must have been in some discomfort from the tremendous pressure of surplus milk, and I happily drained both breasts of all she could supply. She smiled most sweetly at me as she finally tucked her twin treasures back into her blouse and hastily made her departure. I hoped all the next week that she would return the next weekend for another session, but she did not. At first I was forlorn, ready to take any desperate steps to find that woman again. But upon consideration I realized that I had served my purpose for her—if she had needed me again she would have come back. I had helped her, she had helped me, and it was time for both of us to continue on with other relationships. And fortunately, I soon discovered that it was quite easy for me to find other women with the same needs. I soon developed the knack for spotting which of the young mothers coming into the clinic were in need of the kind of comfort and support I could best offer them. Rarely do I have any trouble with any of my patients taking umbrage at my attentions—most of them are all too happy to share their surfeit of the milk of love in exchange for the tender understanding I can give them. It is an ideal situation for all concerned.
Anonymous

My husband has bought every issue of your magazine, and I am very pleased to see a men's magazine that handles the subject of female breasts and breastfeeding with such good taste but fine erotic appeal. I enjoy your magazine almost as much as my husband. I am not small-chested, being an honest 38-24-36 on my better days, but I often wish I was larger busted like your models, and I enjoy looking at their pictures and imagining what it must be like to possess such huge tits! What I'd give to be built like that!

If my husband was to ever have an affair with a woman who was bustier than I am, I can't say I wouldn't be jealous but I think I could forgive him.

Both my husband and I really enjoy the sections you've had on breastfeeding and hope there will be lots more in upcoming issues. After my pregnancies with our children we found out what an erotic adventure breastfeeding can be between a woman and her husband. For years I had been afraid bearing children would hurt our sexual relationship—instead it helped.

Soon after I came home from the hospital I could tell my husband was feeling rather horny, but of course it was too early for us to do anything. So after nursing our child I let him try it. I knew he wanted to, but I hadn't dreamed what my own reaction would be. Breastfeeding had been a pleasant sensation for the most part, but I had not found it particularly arousing with the baby. But when my husband began gently suckling me, my whole body went rigid with excitement. I just all over so. Somehow it felt even more intimate, more close than regular sex ever had. Before that I don't think I was especially sensitive to stimulation on my breasts, but ever since that has been the one surefire way to get me hot in a jiffy, even when I'm not lactating. And when I am, it's a special time for my husband and me.

We both will come several times during a leisurely hour or so, without much genital contact at all. I don't suppose it's something that every woman would like, but I would very strongly suggest that they all try it at least once.

Mrs. H.M.
New York

LINDA SUE

Measures: 40-26-38
Age
Born: Austin,
Wears 38 DD bra

'I spent most of my time waving my knockers at whole bleachers-full of ogling dudes.'

"Sure, growing up in Texas, I practically O.D.'d on football," laughs Linda Sue. "From the time I was a little kid, I wanted to be a cheerleader when I grew up. Seriously, that was my one and only ambition in life, was to be a cheerleader. That was the most a girl could want, right? I was already busty when I got into high school, so of course I made the cheerleader squad right away, no trouble. They love their big bouncing boobs down there, don't you know. So all through high school I spent most of my time waving my knockers at whole bleachers-full of ogling dudes. I swear, a lot of those guys must never have looked at the game at all, seeing as how they could give me a detailed play-by-play of every little jiggle I made during the game. Then in college, I started the whole scene again. Then it finally occurred to me that, if I was going to prance around like a happy little sex object, I at least ought to be making a living at it. That's when I quit school and became a model, and I'm glad I did it. You can't be a cheerleader all your life."

DEAR READERS

We have been very pleased with the response our magazine has had so far. Your overwhelming praise and your well-considered suggestions for improvement have both made us feel good about what we are trying to do. We will continue to strive toward making T&T as good as it can be, and we hope you will all continue to patiently encourage us in the right direction

Those readers who saw the feature on JENNIE LEE in our last issue may be interested to know that she has opened her Stripper's Hall of Fame & Museum in a new permanent location, at 2317 S. Pacific Ave., San Pedro, CA 90731. On July 29th she is planning to hold a national stripper's convention at that location which will be open to the public for an admission price. There will be refreshments and live entertainment at the event, with any profits going to the museum and the Exotic Dancers League.

Jennie also tells us there are tentative plans now for an international strippers convention this September in San Francisco with contemporary and classic acts coming from all over the world. The sponsors plan to have and admission price for the public with proceeds going to the museum and other benefit causes. The dates for this convention are not yet certain; please contact Jennie in regards to either of them and enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for her reply.

We have received a number of requests from readers for BACK ISSUES and SUBSCRIPTIONS. While we would like to accommodate you all, we are not yet geared up to offer subscriptions. Although our earlier issues have generally sold out, some back copies may be available. Please address all inquiries to Regent House, Box 9506, North Hollywood, CA 91609.

We have also considered reproducing pictorial features from our earlier issues if readers would be interested in a reprise on any particular model they may have missed. If you would like to see more of Gabrielle, Ushi, Brenda or Candy—our respective cover girls—please drop us a line. Also tell us about any girl you've seen in the "Perfect Breast" section from an earlier issue that you were unable to purchase. We will of course be featuring many of the old favorites again as we get new shootings on them as well as always scouting for the best new talent available.

Thank you again for buying T&T and we hope you have liked this issue.

Sincerely,

Jerome Sheperd
Creative Director
T&T Publications

T&T

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

WE WILL FEATURE...

USHI AND FRIENDS' LAWN PARTY

CANDY SAMPLES MEETS LUIS SHORTSTUD

A BRAND NEW BREASTFEEDING PICTORIAL

AND PLENTY OF NEW, EXCITING MODELS